CHANDA AND OUR OUNTRY.

FOR EXERCISE SEARCH OF THE ADDRESS AND AND ADDRESS AND

YOUNG AND NIMBLE DANCERS

SCENES AT A CHILDREN'S BALL IN TERRACE GARDEN.

the Equation by Their Youthful Imita-tors - Hangarian, Tyrolese, and Fancy Costumes Add to the Beauty of the Ball. There was a children's carnival in Terrace danced the skirt dance, two six-year-old fairles in gossamer tripped through a bewildering pas de deux, a brown-eyed girl of thirteen years ever the Spanish dancer threw into it, and a

o'clock, hours past their bedtime, they fell asleep in their mothers' arms. The carnival began at 8 o'clock. Crowded along the walls were the parents of the chil-dren and their friends, and the little ones whose dresses weren't ready in time and who brothers, who made fun of the dancers, and s great many members of German and Jewish society, who had come merely to look on. The large open space in the centre of the hall shone like glass. The orchestra began to play, and a wonderful procession wound out

laughed and looked and wondered until at 11

of the dressing room. First came a little boy dressed like George Washington. He was supposed to march at the head of the procession, but he showed a strong inclination to fall back and hide himself in the ranks. Behind him trooped forty girls, the oldest of whom was 16 years old, the youngest 4. Thay were dressed in all manner of costumes-blue, white, and pink, of slik and of gauze. They marched around the hall several times and then disappeared into the dressing room. Mr. A. Newberger, the master

stopped she kissed the flag, made a courtery, and ran into the dressing room.

"La Tyrolean" came next. A boy and a girl in the costume of Tyroleae peasants came out upon the floor, she graceful and happy, he awkward and miserable. She held his hand and squeezed ittight, while he seemed anxious to tear it away and run off. But when they began daneing the boy's awkwardness vanished, and the way the liftle couple stamped and stepped would have made a Tyroleae mountaineer slap his sides with delight. They faced each other with hoth hands clasped aloft, and then began to turn around under an archway of arms in bewildering twists and curves. Each moment it seemed that they must get tangled up in their own arms, but they came out smiling and



dressing room. Mr. A. Newberger, the master of ceremonies, requested the spectators to stand back as far as they could in order to leave a bigger space clear. The incandescent lights were turned down and a calcium light in the gallery flashed a colored blaze upon the floor. Mr. Newburger gave, the signal, the orchestra struck into a dashing dance, and there tripped out upon the floor a little girl in the tripped out upon the floor a little girl in the light rod uniform of a Hungarian hussar, with a skirt, of course. In place of the trousers. Off she dashed, in militaire Hongroise, whirling around on her toes, stepping to right and to left, now giving a quick kick into the air, now bowing almost to the floor, circling and hopping to the furious measure of a military dance. Her arms she held akimbo, and as she swayed from side to side she made a pretty





other was held out straight. Her lips were tightly pressed together, her eyes were always turned upon the spectators. She waitzed around and around, each step heing atout as long as a grown man's foot. Her cheeks tegan to flush and her eyes to eyartle. Soon she changed the steps, placed her arms on her hips, and moved from side to side with a very graceful motion. Suddenly her foot shot upward, almost as high as her neck, and the spectators burst into applause. Again and again she kieked, first one leg, then another, in perfect time to the music, and with the true spirit of the dance. Fach time that she kieked her eyes closed and her lips came more tightly together, but her hands never left her hips and she kept her balance.

When the music stopped three hig bouquets of flowers were thrown to her. Had any one of them struck her it would probably have knocked her down. She was so surprised.



however, that she forgot to bow, and she immediately put her linger in her mouth and looked around the room with wide-open eyes. There was a turst of laughter. A tiny little gir ran out upon the floor to bick up the flowers for her, but at once the danser recovered and quickly picked them us herself. She hugged the bouquets tight—they were as light as herself—and looked around the room until she saw her mother. Then her feet twinkled across the floor, and, dropping all her flowers, white, and blue, in the style of the Goddess of Liberty, came walking out slowly to the air of "The Mar Syangled Banner." She carried over her shoulder a flag the strings of which were no redder than her cheeks. The music suddenly changed into "Yankee Doodie" and also began to dance faster. She waved the flag over her head, looking at it all the while, and danced a lively in step. Then she laid the flag on the floor, lifted her skirts daintily, and fell into her mother's arms and hid her face.

The next terformance was called the "Jance patriotic." A citel Syerra old dressed in each however, that she forgot to bow, and she im-The next reformance was called the "dance patriotic." A girl's years old, dressed in red, danced around it in a wide circle, bowing low to it every now and then, with one foot held up belind her. The music grew still faster. She selzed the flag, and hopped, glided, and whirled around with it. When the music

thing one saw when entering was a fatherly old Frenchman taking fickets, flanked by a sign inscribed. "Loges, six places, \$2.50." The ballroom was decorated with American and French flags, fastened with hunches of green and little hatchets, for the dance is given to commonorate Washington's birthday.

Many of the children were in costume. Washington himself had many representatives, of course, from the early age, when he chopped the cherry tree, through all his mititary service to the staid years of the Fresidency when, bewigged and besworded, he danced a minute take the Fresidence of the factors of of

danced a minuet a la Trianon with Marie Antoinette.

Hatte was on hand, too. Bebe is only 5, and it was her first ball. She was almost hidden by the volunthous folds of a huge blue sash, and she peeped coyly over the top of it when site shook her brown curls at an acquaintance. Bebe is a clever little girl, and when the time came site behold and dipped, and began to waitz all alone so gracefully as to make the admiring papas in the boxes lay aside their eigarettes and their cau sucré and join the bravos and hand clasping.

Liebe's lavored partner was a chef. He is Adolphe Alphonse in school hours, and stands well in his class. Testerday he carried a big spoon almost as large as himself, but he manged it very cleverly, and never let Bébe trip over it.

Mmc. Vignon, who has been at the head of the Mether's Committee for many years, rushed from one side of the room to the other, pulling some shy little chap across the hall to introduce him to a pariner, or waiting a fair chance to separate two girls who were danc-ing together.

introduce him to a partner, or waiting a fair chance to separate two girls who were dancing together.

When there was a lull in the dancing the children played games. There were games with Fissing and games without. Henri Gairle Marie, otherwise Pierrot, aged seven, had been watching the chef for a long while, and found his opportunity now. While Adolphe Alphonse was talking to Marie Antoinette, Henri Gabriel Marie hurried down where the children were passing a ring on an endless rone, and slapped one of Behefs hands very gently. The litted her lift hand and showed the ring. So he gallantly kissed her twice, once on each cheek. Then Robe had to look for the ring, so Adolphe Alphonse left Marie Antoinette and came back to join the game.

In another corner the children were blowing a feather on a sheet, and one child ran around and around trying to catch the feather. Here were Ponchinelle and the Limonadier, so familiar on the Boulevardes, and the little postman that lives on the outside of the chocolate cover.

## A Sister of Charity



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## By Cardinal Gibbons

For publication in one of the early numbers of THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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GREAT RIDES ACROSS ASIA.

Adventures of an Eccentric Russian Prince. A Ride from Paris to Peking.

Ban Francisco, Feb. 5 .- A letter from Raheng, on the Slam-Burmese frontier, of Dec. 7. last, gives some unpublished facts in regard to the ride of Prince Constantin Winsemsky. the Russian cavalry officer who is now in Siam. after having ridden from Moscow to Peking. and thence through Tonquin to the land of the white elephant. The details of the Eussian's ourney from Moscow to Peking have been given, but beyond the Chinese capital his adventures have not been recorded, although his arrival in Tonquin was sent by cable. Wiasemsky was a great traveller before he

entered upon his horseback ride across Asia,

having penetrated the Soudan to Darfur and spent two years in Asia Minor. His travelling ompanion as far as Peking was a fellow Russian cavalry officer. Capt. Zaremba, and he took

came up before Justice McMahon in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday morning. On Jan

2 a poorly dressed man, who said he was Joseph Gatens, 20 years old, without friends or a home, applied to the firemen of Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, at 126 East Fiftieth street, for permission to warm himself beside street, for permission to warm himself beside
the stove in the hook and ladder house.
Gatens, who appeared to be nearly frozen, was
told to make himself at home, and one of the
firmen gave him something to eat.

During the evening the alarm sounded, and
the firemen left Gatens doving by the fire.
When they returned they discovered that the
man had disappeared, together with a large
amount of clothing and various small articles,
which had been left lying about the place.
The matter was reported to the hifty-first
street nolice station, and Defectives O'Donohue and Murphy were put on the case.

A couple of days ago the detectives succeeded in finding two overcoats, which were
among the stolen property in a pawn shop
kert by Paul Kaskel at 735 Third avenue. One
of the overcoats was identified as his by Ladderman John Melia. The pawnbroker told the
detectives that on Jan. 2 a man had brought
the overcoats to his shop and had said that
some firemen, who were friends of his, were
hard up and wanted to rawn their uniforms.
On Saturday night the detectives arrested
Gatens at 222 East Fity-sixth street.

In the Yorkville Court resterday morning
the pawnbroker identified the prisoner. Justice McMahon held the prisoner in \$1,500 ball
for trial.

Music Goes With Poker, Now. the stove in the hook and ladder house

Music Goes With Poker, Now.

"We have not got to where we play poker with a brass band," said a well-known man about town yesterday, "but one card-playing look for the ring, so Adolphe Alphons left Marie Antoinette and came back to join the game.

In another corner the children were blowing a feather on a sheet, and one child ran around and around trying to catch the feather. Here were Ponchinelle and the Limonadier, so familiar on the Boulevardes, and the little postman that lives on the outside of the chocolate cover.

When the games grew dull there was more dancing, and before it became quite dark Mme. Vignon clapped her hands, and the children were lound the room. The came a lunch of ices and dainty gateaux, bon lons, little rolls, and favors. When the sum of the private rooms a long that the children were laundled in wraps and overshoes and burried home. to music. The members all belong to a cer

GOOD FOR JERSEY PROPERTY.

The Electric Cars Have Worked Wonders

The purchase of the suburban street railways on the other side of the North River for ouversion into a great trolley system will undoubtedly work the same changes that have been noticeable wherever such systems have been long operated on a large scale out West. St. Louis has developed the possibilities of the new system to the furthest extent by using enormous vehicles called palace cars, and by operating an express and mail system on at east one of the more important lines. Duluth. tried the trolley long enough to have felt its their town limits further and further away transit swells the cities where it is in use. But

about the control of the force of the force

WON'T TELL WHO STABBED HIM. Philip O'Connor Says " Mum Is the Word,"

and His Assallant Will Go Free. Philip O'Connor of 307 Fast 103d street, this city, who was taken to the Second precinct station house, in Long Island City, about midnight of Saturday, with stab wounds in his side and breast, will probably recover. Ed-ward Bidwell of 05 Huron street, Greenpoint, and John McGill of 102 Borden avenue, Long Island City, who carried the wounded man to the station, and subsequently were locked up by the police on suspicion, were released on \$1.500 bail each yesterday by Justice Kavanagh. James Cashman, a contractor, of 28 West avenue, and Henry Otten, a saloon keep-er, of it bernon avenue, Long Island City, who were arrested later, were also released, Casi-man giving bonds in \$500, while often went

man giving bonds in \$500, while often went on his own recognizance.
O'Connor won't tell who stabbed him. On the hight of the stabbing, as he was being carried out of the station house to an ambulance in waiting, he shouted to the accused men who were in the room:

"Mum's the word!"
They all refused to talk afterward. The police think the light occurred in or near Often's saloon, and that the knile was used by one of the accused men.

She Knocked Gue of the White Caps Down BEDFORD, Pa., Feb. 19.-Last night twenty nen, some of whom were masked called at the house of John Pleasinger, in the suburis of the town, and asked for Orange Gordon, a the town, and asked for Grange Gordon, a negro who has been showing attention to Pleasinger's daughter. Pleasinger showed fight, but four revelvers thrust in his face quieted him. They then searched the house, but Gordon had made his escaps at the rear. They found the girl in hod and gave her a thrashing with hickory withes. The girl showed fight and knocked one of the White Cape down. The party were provided with tar and feathers for cordon had he been found.

Spent One Day in Prison Stripes. Jackson, Miss., Feb. 19.-There arrived at the penitentiary on Friday night a young white man whose senience was to the neul-testiary at hard labor for one day. His name is Holliday, and he was convicted of arson. Siripes were put on him, and he spent the day whitewashing. He was released last evening.

AN ARIZONA PROSPECTOR'S YARK.

The Cave and Natural Bridge He Cia

San Francisco, Feb. 19 .- A man bronzed by Arizona suns until he is almost as brown as the Indians he has fought has just come up from that land of basalt, rocks, and red dese with news of the discovery of another mam-Rogers, who for thirteen years has lived in fighting Indians, or keeping store. Lately he he has been exploring among the Mogolio Mountains, along the Rio Verde and its east fork. That region is so locked in by mountains difficult of passaget that very few even of the most daring of prospectors and frontiersmen have ever tried to make their way into it. From some of these and from some Indians Mr. Rogers go the idea that unusual things were to be found

reached the street Mrs. Reny was close at his heels.

She pursued him toward the ferry, where he was arrested by Foliceman Burns and taken to the Futton street station. The prisoner said he was William Michell of 03 Fuiton street. A blank check and other papers were found in his pocket, which make the police believe he is a swindler who has been fraudulently collecting money for a Grand Army fund for some time, and for whom they have been searching.

Bishop Galloway's Tribute to Mr. Barksdale JACKSON, Miss., Feb. 19.-Bishop Charles B. Galloway of the Methodist Church yesterday pronounced an eloquent funeral oration over the remains of extongressian rathers. Barksdale. In 1888 Bishop Galloway, then in charge of a church at Vicksburg, was stricken with the yellow fever, and was reported dead, Before the report was contradicted, Mayor Barksdale had written and published in his newspaper, with mourning columns, an eloquent tribute to the man whom he supposed to be dead, but who has now preached his runeral oration.

funeral oration. Patal Accident on the Fitchburg Road, Tnov. Feb. 19.-Two freight trains bound east on the Fitchburg Railroad collided near of the second telescoped the caboose of the first train on a steen down grade. George Taylor and Joseph Martin of Orange, Mass., were instantly killed and Conductor beely was badly burt. Athel, Mass., this morning. The locomotive

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